

THE PERRYSBURG JOURNAL.

VOL. XL.—ED. L. BLUE, Publisher.

PERRYSBURG, WOOD CO., O., SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1892.

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Week Commencing June 20

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Matinees, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

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HASKINS.

Children's day was observed Sunday at the Baptist church with a very interesting programme.

J. B. Thomas is on the sick list. Fred Meafford and family of Toledo spent Sunday with Mr. Tribble and wife.

Joseph Garrett of Bowling Green attended the funeral of Mrs. Hoagland last Thursday.

Mrs. T. L. Simmons of Hatton who has been visiting her parents, returned home Wednesday.

Mrs. J. B. and Mrs. Lynn Thomas returned from a visit in Medina county, Monday evening.

J. C. Bush and family left Monday morning for Duett, their future home.

SCOTCH RIDGE.

Mrs. C. W. Greiner left on last Monday for Cleveland for a four weeks visit with relatives.

Children's day will be observed with appropriate exercises at the Presbyterian church at New Rochester on next Sunday evening.

Clark Canfield purchased a fine buggy horse a few days ago.

Mrs. Eliza Loomis of this place and Mrs. Emma Bandon of New Rochester left on Thursday for Lansing, Mich., for a visit with relatives.

Communion services were held at the U. P. church yesterday.

Miss Mary Fletcher commenced a three month's term of school on last Monday in District No. 2.

Mrs. Hannah Fisk and daughter Jessie of New Rochester attended church at this place on last Sunday.

The second addition of Noah's flood has finally let up, and the farmers are working all day and part of the night planting corn and other crops.

STONY RIDGE.

At the meeting of Stony Ridge lodge No. 3490 K. of H. held Saturday evening June 11, 1892, the following officers were elected for the ensuing six months:

E. C. Catkins, D.
Geo. Hazel, V. D.
M. Heckley, A. D.
D. C. Van Voorhis, R.
Henry Snyder, F. R.
Geo. Robinson, T.
A. W. Rowe, C.
F. H. Mosher, Ge.
Bruce Klink, Gy.
Marshall Cole, S.

G. W. Waggoner has his new house well under way. He intends to push it to completion as soon as possible.

Isaac Giddings is re-roofing his barn. Mrs. James Piper and son Henry left Thursday for Sedalia Mo., where they will visit friends. They will be gone about four weeks.

This place is noted as a great point for shows. Bantline's show was here the 31st of May. Fred Locke's show is billed for the 14th and the Whitney family for the 21st of this month.

The Knights of Honor will celebrate the glorious Fourth with a basket picnic and the usual games, etc. The programme will appear in these columns later.

Business men who have a government license to pay are required to secure their stamps by July 1st, or continue business at the risk of prosecution by the minions of Uncle Sam.

The Baldwin Locomotive Works of Philadelphia have just delivered a locomotive to a railroad company in Sweden. Bids were invited from Swedish, English and American builders, and the contract was awarded to this American firm, which agreed to deliver the locomotive in ten weeks while the British wanted a year's time. In a contest between the United States and Great Britain the latter country does not even get a place.—Ex.

Demorest's Magazine says: The best way to protect garments from the ravages of moths is to wrap them in newspapers, being very careful to leave not even the slightest crack by which a miller may find its way in. This should be done as early in the season as the garments can be spared, and they should be well beaten and brushed before wrapping, in order to dislodge any eggs that may have been already deposited on them. If they are put away late, it is safer to open them sometime during July. The worm will then be hatched, if any eggs had chanced to be left in the garments, and can be easily seen and killed before it does any damage. To keep them out of carpets, sprinkle the floor with turpentine or benzine before laying the carpet, and with a small, flat paint-brush apply freely under the surbase and in all the cracks. Benzine poured over furniture and carpets where moths are will kill them. Great care should be taken not to use the benzine near a flame of any kind, and there should be no flame or fire in the room until the fumes have passed away.

Election of Officers.

At the last regular meeting of Perryburg Lodge No. 524, Knights of Pythias, the following officers were elected:

P. C.—Ed. L. Blue.
C. C.—J. Davis.
V. C.—I. S. Bowers.
Prelate—G. H. Caldwell.
M. at A.—C. A. Hoffmann.
K. of R. & S.—D. K. Hollenbeck.
Installation first meeting in July.

New Court Cases.

A J Dobliger vs Joseph Trappill; appeal. A R Campbell, Plaintiff. J O Troup, Defendant.

John Daiber vs John G Watts et al.; for money only. W H A Read.

Frank and Mary Silverwood vs Jas Cribbs et al to cancel lease and equitable relief. Jesse Stephens.

John Marron vs Fred Speck et al; appeal.

Probate Matters.

In the matter of the estate of A P Meng; motion to require an additional bond by administrator; affidavit filed. Inventory filed and approved of S G Robinson, guardian of Alexander and Iona Powell.

Application for probate of last will and testament of Melissa A Bryant, deceased.

Frank E Wirebaugh appointed guardian of Bettie R Wirebaugh.

Transfers.

G T Kidd to G C Emmerich, 10 acres Middleton township, \$600.

Barney Orork to John Ench 20 acres in town four, U S Reserve, \$1400.

Wetmore and Jackson to James Johnson, lot, Haskins, \$125.

M C Roadenel to J W Barrett, lot, Haskins, \$70.

B W Minton to Ida Winton, lot, Grand Rapids, \$800.

D E Laskey to E F Ward, 80 acres, Milton township, \$3900.

Mary Bonawit to Jacob Bonawit, lot, Rising Sun, \$100.

W B Dugan to Samuel Mercer, 100 acres, Jackson, \$1,000.

J J Dicken to Wm Dicken, 50 acres, Portage twp., \$1,400.

G C Nearing to C R Nearing, lot, Bowling Green, \$100.

M & S Muir to Geo South, 40 acres, Webster, \$300.

R Christian to M Morline lot, Custer \$75.00.

Henry Davis admr. to A E Mansfield 20 acres Center, \$500.

Sheriff of Wood Co to G W Breston, 40 acres, Washington, \$2,035.

Wm Watson to David Baker, lot, Cynth, \$100.

R McFerron to D E Child, lot, North Baltimore, \$800.

Arthur Cook to Lura R Cook, lot, Bays, \$500.

G W Deter to L D Langmade, lot, North Baltimore, \$1,250.

Just as sure as hot weather comes, there will be more or less bowel complaint in this vicinity. Every person, and especially families, ought to have some reliable medicine at hand for instant use in case it is needed. A 25 or 50 cent bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is just what you ought to have and all that you would need, even for the most severe and dangerous cases. It is the best, the most reliable and most successful treatment known and is pleasant to take. For sale by A. R. Champney.

The Loves of Christopher Columbus.

Among the earliest things learned at school is that "in 1492 Columbus sailed o'er the ocean blue" and discovered America; and every reminiscence of the event and of the great discoverer is being revived this quadri-centennial year. But with it all we have heard comparatively little about Mrs. Christopher Columbus, the faithful wife who inspired and encouraged Columbus through all his trials and disappointments, and helped him to his life's great work. In Demorest's Family Magazine for July there is an especially fine article, "The Loves of Christopher Columbus," which gives an interesting account of this phase of the life of the great discoverer, the numerous illustrations including copies of very rare old portraits, among them the most authentic one of Columbus himself.

Mrs. Helen Campbell contributes one of her realistic papers, "Child Life in the Slums of New York," which is embellished with numerous characteristic pictures. The numerous department are particularly interesting, and there are nearly 200 pictures, including a full-page oil picture, "Luscious Fruits," which is a brilliant and artistic piece of coloring. The subscription price to this magazine is only \$2 a year; single copies, 20 cents. Published by W. Jennings Demorest, 15 E. 14th st., New York City.

Excursion to Presque Isle

Via C. H. & D. and steamer Pastime: Following are rates and time card:

Bowling Green,.....10:11 a. m. \$ 85
Tontogany,.....10:25 " 85
Haskins,.....10:35 " 75
Hull's Prairie,.....10:37 " 75
Roachton,.....10:45 " 60
Perryburg,.....10:55 " 50

Arriving at Toledo 11:15 a. m. Returning leaves Toledo at 7 o'clock p. m. Base ball. Toledo vs Minneapolis.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The Sublimest Poem of Antiquity.

The sublimest poem of antiquity is impersonal, yet written in the Hebrew tongue. The book of Job, the life drama of the Man of Uz, towers with no peak near it; its authorship lost, but its fable associated in mind with the post-Noachian age, the time when God disconsored with men and the stars hung low in the empyrean. It is both epic and dramatic, yet embodies the whole wisdom of the patriarchal race. Who composed it? Who carved the Sphinx or set the angles of the Pyramids? The shadow of his name was taken lest he should fall by pride, like Eblis. The narrative prelude to Job has the direct epic of simplicity—a Cyclopean porch to the temple, but within are heaven, the angels, the plumed lord of evil before the throne of a judicial god. The personages of the dialogue beyond are firmly distinguished: Eliphaz, Bildad, Zophar, Elihu—to whom the inspiration of the Almighty gave understanding—and the smitten protagonist himself, majestic in ashes and desolation.

Each outvies the other in grandeur of language, imagination, worship. Can there be a height above these lofty utterances? Yes, only in this poem has God answered out of the whirlwind, his voice made audible, as if an added range of hearing for a space enabled us to comprehend the reverberations of a superhuman tone. I speak not now of the motive, the inspiration of the symphonic masterpiece; it is still a mortal creation, though maintaining an impersonality so absolute as to confirm our sense of mystery and awe.—Edmund Clarence Steadman in Century.

The Modern French Girl.

There are no French grisettes nowadays. The sunny, trim little maid who has done such admirable service in play and romance has disappeared. The race has given way to another—one more worldly wise, more mercenary.

The grisette had illusions. She believed the student she loved would be a great man some day. So she worked for him, earned two or three dollars a week making artificial flowers, passementerie or the like.

But the young person who has taken the place of the grisette is of an altogether different class—more modern, more practical, less given to illusions and romance and with tolerably well defined notions as to the value of money.

Her ideas of dress are always expressed in the very latest fashion. She has perfect taste in the combination of colors and the arrangement of drapery.

If the conversation takes a personal turn she will let you know, with the most charming amiability, that she is the daughter of a colonel—generally a colonel in retirement—and that she has been only a short time out of such and such a convent, where she was educated.

She is almost always pretty, of agreeable manners and rather intelligent, though she firmly believes that a man with a hunchback is a sure sign of good luck.—Irish Times.

Haydon, Northcote and Opie.

Haydon was then eighteen "a slim, handsome lad," with a bright country color, black curly hair and all the enthusiasm of youth and health beaming from his "fiery, azure eyes." In a dirty painting room, under a high window, "with the light shining full on his bald head," he found Northcote, "a diminutive, wizened figure, in an old blue striped dressing gown, his spectacles pushed up on his forehead." He peered maliciously at the eager youth from his little shining eyes over the open letter, and said in his broad Devonshire: "Zo you mayne to bee a painter, doo-ee? What sort of painter?" "Historical painter, sir." "Heestorical painter! Why, ye'll starve with a bundle of straw under yer head!"

After much more discouragement from Northcote, Haydon went his way to Opie's clean gallery in Berners street. A "coarse looking intellectual man" received him and said, "You are studying anatomy—master it; were I your age, I would do the same." "I have just come from Mr. Northcote, and he says I am wrong, sir." "Never mind what he says. He doesn't know it himself, and would be glad to keep you as ignorant." "I could have hugged Opie!" comments Haydon.—Temple Bar.

It is asserted that when the present comprehensive plan of connecting all England's West India possessions by submarine cable is completed fully one-third of her defensive fleet for the protection of these colonies can be done away with.

A hot bath is valuable in the first stages of congestion of the lungs, as it is also in infantile convulsions and in sudden brain trouble. In the last named attack ice should be applied to the head and a hot water bag to the feet.

Several attempts have been made from time to time to develop balloon photography, and special cameras have been devised for the purpose.

A Good Suggestion.

From the Dubuque, (Iowa,) Telegraph.

The adjourning of the impeachment court last Saturday, on account of Gen. Weaver's belly-ache, cost the people of this commonwealth nearly \$500. One dose of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy would have saved this expense, and we suggest, as a matter of economy and humanity, that the state provide against future contingencies of this nature, by furnishing each senator with a bottle of that valuable remedy. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by A. R. Champney.

He Missed the Point.

Almost his first effort in a newspaper office was to condense an account of a golden wedding. He did his best and handed it in. His editor looked it over and handed it back, remarking coldly:

"You seem to have got everything in except the point. Try again."

Greatly abashed, he returned to his desk and toiled for nearly an hour over the thing, finally taking it falteringly a second time to his chief. That functionary read it through, and then with calm contempt looked the young man over.

"Don't you see that the striking thing about this incident, and the only thing which makes it worth our while to print it at all, is that each of these individuals now celebrating their golden wedding has been married once before. Probably an almost unprecedented thing. You have carefully left the main point out of both your condensations."

The newspaper man went on to say that he never forgot that experience. He thinks he owes his success to it, for he has come to be one of the foremost "condensers" on the press. Things come to him from all parts of the country to be "boiled down." "Since that maiden effort, which was such a total failure," he says, "I always look for the point the first thing."—Her Point of View in New York Times.

An Ex-Queen's Good Fortune.

The ex-queen of Naples, who has suffered all the pangs of genteel poverty during the past twenty years or more, has now been placed in a comparatively affluent position. Her mother, the late Duchess of Ludovica, of Bavaria, who died some weeks ago, left a fortune yielding an income of about \$100,000 a year. According to the will of the duchess the property was to be shared equally between three of the daughters of Austria, the ex-queen of Naples and the Duchess of Alencon.

The empress, however, is so wealthy in her own right—she has an income of \$200,000 a year of her own, besides the right of drawing upon her husband's practically inexhaustible purse—that she has abandoned her share of the bequest to the ex-queen of Naples, who will therefore now come in for about \$60,000 to \$70,000 a year. The ex-queen figures as the heroine in Daudet's "Kings in Exile."—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Wise Lady of Kalamazoo.

She had come down from Kalamazoo and was seeking quarters in a Detroit hotel. She was about fifty and the years had taught her great conservatism and caution.

"Is this a safe tavern to stop in?" she inquired of the chivalrous clerk, who was at that moment wearing his diamond pin on his back, or rather the coat for whose value the pin was collateral.

"In what respect, madam?" he asked.

"Fire, of course," she said suspiciously. "Ain't anything else to be afraid of, is there?"

"Oh, certainly not, madam; certainly not," he hastened to assure her. "And as to fire, our house is absolutely fireproof, and even if it was not, we have fire escapes everywhere."

"Fire escapes?" she exclaimed, with a gasp, reaching for her bundles. "Well, if your draught house is fireproof what have you got escapes for the fire for? I s'pose you've got burglar escapes too. I guess I don't want to sleep in no taverns like this. Good evenin' and away she went, leaving the clerk in a perfect halo of despair and disappointment.—Detroit Free Press.

Exercise and Pure Air.

Exercise, as well as pure air, helps us in our constant struggle against the poisons that we manufacture within ourselves. It does this by driving the blood charged with oxygen, by means of the pressure of the muscles called into play, more thoroughly through the tissue, and thus it would quicken the breaking down of dead tissue into its safe and final waste products (water, carbonic acid and urea), and shorten the period during which the dead tissue was passing through various dangerous forms which it temporarily assumes. From this fact we may infer that the man of sedentary life above all others requires pure air.—Popular Science Monthly.

A Pneumatic Sole.

A pneumatic inner sole for boots and shoes has recently appeared in London. It is inflated with air or gas under pressure, the external protective covering being canvas or some other suitable material that can withstand the pressure.—New York Times.

Sandy's Answer.

"Sandy," said Mrs. Simpson to her eldest olive branch the other day when he returned from school, "I forbid ye to play or run about wi' that Bobby Wilson any more. Mind that, na, an if I ever hear o' you playin wi' him again I'll gi ye a guid lickin."

"What wae have I no' to play wi' Bobby, ma?" queried the youngster, with some surprise. "Becus he's a bad, wicked laddie," replied his mother. "Weel, ma," returned Sandy, after a moment's thought, "I dinna think I'm that awfu' guid mysel', that ye need to be sae feart."—Scottish American.

Two Things That Cannot Be Done.

To hold a school up to the highest standard of excellence, and this by unceasing vigilance, is one thing. To manage it so as to make the most money and to gain the most friends, is another. The teacher who tries to do both will probably not succeed in the first.—Anna C. Brackett in Harper's.

FAREWELL.

Farewell, life! my senses swim,
And the world is growing dim;
Thronging shadows cloud the light,
Like the advent of the night—
Colder, colder, colder still!

Upward steals a vapor chill;
Strong the earthy odor grows—
I smell the mold above the rose!

Welcome, life! The spirit strives
Strength returns and hope revives;
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
Fly like shadows of the morn;
O'er the earth there comes a bloom,
Sunny light for sullen gloom,
Warm perfume for vapor cold—
I smell the rose above the mold.

—Hood.

RANGE INSPECTORS.

Detectives of the Plains Whose Work Old Sleuth Himself Might Envy.

Column after column has been written about the daring deeds, miraculous escapes and cunning capture of criminals by the detectives of Europe and America. In thousands of cases the praise accorded these officers for their ingenuity and daring has been deserved; but there is a class of detectives in this country who risk their lives often, and who must know not only the ways of the highwayman when he is in the city, but also his haunts and his hiding places and his go-between in the thinly settled country as well. These men are on the go almost all the time—to-day down in New Mexico looking for a horse thief, who is a murderer as well; next week far across the Canadian line on the trail of a gang of cattle thieves who have been despoiling the Montana or Wyoming ranges. It is only in the past ten or fifteen years that their work has been appreciated or their services valued as they should be.

In the early days of cattle raising in Wyoming and Colorado, whenever the range thieves became too bold, the ranchmen for miles around would organize, get on the track of the thieves, run them to their holes and then shoot or hang them. After a visitation of this kind herds would be comparatively safe for a time. Nevertheless thousands of head of cattle and horses were stolen each year and shipped to Chicago, for which the rightful owners received not a cent. The stockmen of Wyoming organized a stock growers' association and appointed for each county in the state a stock inspector. Colorado followed suit in a few years, to be followed later by Montana. The duties of these inspectors were not to look out for diseased cattle, but to inspect every carload of cattle shipped out of the state, get a list of the brands, who the consignee was and report the facts to the secretary of the association.

There were of course mistakes made at first, but of late years so perfect has the system become that it is almost an impossibility for a thief to ship a head of beef by rail out of Montana without detection. Gradually the duties of the inspectors were added to, and in addition to watching the shipping points they have become thief chasers. The inspectors are selected from the bravest class of western men, thoroughly conversant with the country, and men of intelligence. Their powers in Montana are equal to those of a deputy sheriff, and their authority is recognized all over the state.

Among the Montana inspectors are men who could tell some thrilling stories of their adventures, not only with horse and cattle thieves, but with Indians as well. In point of continuous service Inspector W. D. Smith, now the representative of the Montana association at Chicago, and whose headquarters were formerly at Miles City, outranks his associates. He has been in the service of the association some eight or ten years, previous to that time being an inspector in Wyoming. He is a typical westerner, close mouthed and without a particle of fear. He walks with a slight limp, and one unacquainted with his history, meeting him on the streets of Chicago, would almost immediately conclude he was a cattle grower of moderate means, who was satisfied with life, attended strictly to his own business and would be the last person one would pick out of a crowd as the most noted trailer of cattle and horse thieves in Montana.—Helena Independent.

To Remove a Mole.

To rid one's self of a mole, try to remove